

# THE AMARANTH.

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## THE MUSES' COLUMN.

### The Needle, Pen and Sword.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WHAT hast thou seen, with thy shining eye,  
Thou Needle, so subtle and keen?  
"I have been in Paradise, staidness and fair,  
And fitted the apron of fig-leaves there,  
To the form of its fallen Queen.

The mantles and wimples, the hoods and veils,  
That the belles of Jubah wore,  
When their haughty mein and their glance of fire  
Enkindled the eloquent prophets' ire,  
I helped to fashion of yore.

The beaded belt of the Indian maid  
I have decked with as true a zeal  
As the gorgeous ruff of the knight of old,  
Or the monarch's mantle of purple and gold,  
Or the satrap's bordered heel.

I have lent to beauty new power to reign  
At bridal, and courtly hall;  
Or, wedded to Fashion, have helped to bind  
Those gossamer links that the strongest mind  
Have sometimes held in thrall.

I have drawn a drop, so round and red,  
From the finger, small and white,  
Of the startled child, as he strove with care  
Her doll to deck with some gewgaw rare,  
But wept at my puncture bright.

I have gazed on the mother's patient brow,  
As my utmost sweet she pined,  
To shield from winter her children dear,  
And the knell of midnight smote her ear,  
While they slumbered at her side.

I have heard, in the hut of the pining poor,  
The shivering inmate's sigh,  
When faded the warmth of her last faint brand,  
As slow, from her cold and clammy hand,  
She let me drop—*—a d.e.*"

What dost thou know, thou gray Goose Quill?  
And methought, with spasm of pride,  
It sprang from the inkstand, and fluttered in vain,  
Its nib to free from the ebony stain,  
As it fervently replied:

"What do I know,—Let the lover tell,  
When into his secret scroll  
He pouresth the breath of a magic lyre,  
And tracest those mystical lines of fire  
That moves the maiden's soul.

What do I know,—The wife can say,  
As the leaden seasons move,  
And over the ocean's wildest sway  
A blessed missive doth wend its way,  
Inspired by a husband's love.

Do ye doubt my power?—Of the statesman ask,  
"Who buffets Ambition's Last;  
Of the convict, who shrinks in his cell of care;  
A flourish of mine hath sent him there,  
And locked his fetters fast;

And a flourish of mine can his prison ope—  
From the gallows its victim save;  
Break off the treaty that kings have bound,  
Make the oath of a nation an empty sound,  
And to liberty lead the slave.

Say, what were History, so wise and old—  
Science, that reads the sky—  
Or how could Music its sweetness store—  
Or fancy and fiction their treasures pour—  
Or what were Poesy's heaven-taught lore,  
Should the pen its aid deny?

Oh, doubt, if ye will, that the rose is fair,  
That the planets pursue their way—  
Go, question the fires of the noontide sun,  
Or the countless streams that the ocean run,  
But ask no more what the pen hath done."  
And it scornfully turned away.

What are thy deeds—thou fearful thing  
By the lordly warrior's side?  
And the Sword answered—stern and slow—  
"The hearth-stone lone, and the orphan, know,  
And the pale and widowed bride.

The shriek and the shroud of the battle cloud,  
And the field that doth rock below,  
The wolf that lars where the gash is red,  
And the vulture that tears ere the life hath fled,  
And the prowling robber that strips the dead,  
And the foul hyena know.

The rusted plow, and the seed unsown,  
And the grass that doth rankly grow  
O'er the rotting limb, and the blood pool dark,  
Gaunt Famine, that quenches life's lingering spark,  
And the black-winged Pestilence, know.

Death, with the rush of his harpy-brood,  
Sad Earth, in her pain and throes,  
Demons that riot in slaughter and crime,  
And the throng of souls sent before their time  
To the bar of the judgment, know."

Then the terrible Sword to its sheath returned,  
While the Needle sped on in peace;  
But the Pen traced out, from a Book sublime,  
The promise and pledge of that better time  
When the warfare on Earth shall cease.

ORIGINAL.

### To Miss Maria B. D. Of Newark, Ohio.

I love to think, I know not why,  
That beauty is thine own,  
Thy gentle voice as silvery sweet  
As wind-waked musk's tone.  
Thine eye—so lovely in its glance,  
Yet withering in its scorn;  
Thy cheek—encrimsoned with the hues  
That tint the earliest morn.

Thy flowing curls of glossy hair,  
Touched by the wooing wind,  
And thought, throned proudly on thy brow  
As in thy peerless mind;  
And with these sweetly mingled charms,  
The woman's conquering art,  
Thus do I paint thee fair in form  
As I know thee good in heart.

And when alone at midnight's hour  
I leave the antique lore,  
Which through the long and weary day  
I bend in silence o'er,  
With wearied frame and aching head,  
And throbbing heart and brow,  
How doth my spirit gladly turn,  
And dream of thee as now.

Ashland, Ohio.

MARCO.

### To The Evening Star.

Thou wandering star!  
Tell us what lies beyond thine airy home,  
Is there a heaven in the boundless dome,  
And worlds afar?

Canst thou behold  
The battlements of pearl the crystal river,  
And hear the song enchanting roll forever  
From harps of gold?

Art thou a heaven,  
Feaming transcendent in a lonely star;  
And rolling over thy triumphal car  
Through holiest even?

Or do they throng  
Pure and unransomed out a countless host:  
And touch the lyre, and sing of us long lost,  
A sweet strange song?

Or art thou cold  
And pulseless—beats no heart  
In starry sympathy with those apart  
Who thee behold?

No voice below—  
It is enough, when, like a parting scroll,  
The bending heavens' together roll,  
That we shall know.

### The Stars.

The hills  
Must moulder, and the mighty Pyramids  
Shall crumble to their base, and float as dust  
Upon the desert winds—and yet on high,  
The dwellers on our altered globe will view  
Those bright star-sentinels still standing there,  
Unconscious of decay.

## THE STORY-TELLER.

### ANNIE MOORE.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life  
In its most subtle luxury. The air  
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;  
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,  
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.  
It has come over gardens, and the flowers  
That kissed it, are betrayed; for as it parts,  
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,  
I know it has been trifling with the rose  
And stooping to the violet. There is joy  
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves  
As if stirring at its touch, and birds are singing  
As if to breathe were music, and the grass  
Sends up its modest odor with the dew;  
Like the small tribute of humanity."

THE delicious morning which is glowing around  
me, and which has recalled the exquisite description  
of our most gifted countryman, brings also to my mind  
the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful, "in the  
days that are gone." I well remember how the sense  
of that morn's exceeding loveliness burdened my  
heart with a sweet weight,—and how at last, flinging  
aside the dull book which I had been attempting to  
study, I caught my light sun-bonnet, and bounded out  
of the house, which outward bloom and beauty had  
suddenly rendered prison-like.

I then turned my steps towards a fine old mansion,  
the home of a very lovely girl, who had been endeared  
to me by years of constant intercourse. Of late had  
been formed a new tie to bind our hearts—she had  
become the betrothed of "one of ours," a favorite  
cousin, and the engagement was a joyful event to all  
concerned.

Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, how thou glid-  
dest before me, in thy soft eternal loveliness like a  
gentle spirit from a holier clime! With thy form of  
lily-like grace, tall and fragile,—

"With thy young head's shining bands,  
And all its waving curls of gold,"—

with thine eyes of the softest violet, and thy cheek of  
most delicate rose-bloom.

"I must think of thee  
Oh gentlest! as I knew thee well and long,  
A young glad creature, with a lip of song,  
An eye of radiance and a soul of glee—  
Singing sweet snatches of some favorite tune,  
Or wandering by my side beneath the sky of June."

William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore, was an  
exalted, yet a most loveable character,—an embodi-  
ment of intellect, manliness, faithful affections, and  
fervent piety. He was a young student of Divinity,  
had been self-supported, almost self-educated, and at  
the time of the commencement of this sketch, was in  
the expectation of entering upon the ministry in the  
course of a year.

And this man, poor, unknown, and devoted to a ho-  
ly calling, was the choice of Annie Moore, the weal-  
thy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared!

"'Twas passing strange"—our worldly ones won-  
dered at, and our sewing circle gossiped about the  
matter, for a month or two, and then the ruffled tide  
of our village flowed on as usual.

But I was on my way to pay Annie a morning visit.  
William Gordon had called the night before, to bid  
us adieu, as he was to be absent for many months, and  
I thought his betrothed might need a little cheering  
up.

I found her sitting at her work as usual, but a slight tremulousness of the voice, and a glistening of the long, brown eye-lash, told of the painful parting that had just taken place.

"When will William return?" I presently ventured to enquire.

"In May—little less than a year."

"And then?"

"And then we are to be married—so hold yourself in readiness to be my bridesmaid."

The summer passed;—a season of earnest, untiring and prayerful toil with the young student, and of patient, hopeful, and sustaining love on the part of his betrothed. Then came the chill autumn, followed by a winter of uncommon severity. Our dear Annie, while on night visit to a sick friend, was exposed to a sudden and fearful storm—took cold—ah, does not my reader anticipate the mournful consequence? Her mother and elder sisters had died of consumption, and soon, very soon, the seal of death was on her blue-veined brow, and the very voice of the grave sounding in the hollow cough which shook her fragile frame.

We knew that she must die, and she, unlike many consumptives knew it also; yet she was strangely averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful truth. She wrote to him that she *had been ill*—was suffering from debility; but that he must not trouble himself about it, nor be painfully surprised by her changed appearance when he should return in the spring. Not one word of the dread, last parting before them—of the grave, which might

"Rival the bridegroom, and take from his side,  
To repose in its bosom, his beautiful bride!"

At length May came round again, and with it returned William Gordon, the young clergyman. He was bowed to the earth by the great and unlooked for affliction which awaited him,—yet meekly drank he the bitter cup, for his God had mingled it.

Sweet Annie was rapidly passing from earth—growing more fragile in form, and angelic in spirit day by day, and poor William became intensely desirous that their union might take place. Annie's friends readily consented; but she, to our surprise, firmly refused to grant the mournful request of her broken-hearted lover.

One evening he was sitting alone by her side, as she was half reclining on a couch;—the hectic flush was more strikingly bright than usual on her cheek, for she had suffered much that day;—and as he thought how very near might be the dark wing of God's dread angel, he took her withered hand in his, and said—

"Oh, my Annie, let me call you *wife* before you leave me! You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you bearing that sacred name in heaven. Refuse me not, love!"

"Oh, William, William, urge me no longer," she replied; "it must not, cannot be. I am the bride of heaven; you must not be my husband. And, hear me, dearest, you must no longer be near me;—your love is precious, but it is earthly, and comes as a cloud between me and the glories of that upper world, to which I hasten. Your voice, my own, is sweeter to me than the hymns of the angels heard in my dreams of heaven! We must part *now*—for every hour renders you dearer, and how can I leave you at last!"

With heroic and martyr-like calmness spoke the mistaken girl—mistaken, for a pure love, worthily bestowed, is the holiest and sweetest preparation for His presence who "is love."

William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene, and

"In close heart shutting up his pain," resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly, and imprinting on her forehead a kiss of unmingled love and anguish, turned, and was gone! Annie buried her face in her

thin, white hands, and remained in agony of grief and prayer. Then came vague regrets for the course she had taken, and painful doubts of the necessity of the step she had made. Presently she heard a well-known step—William had returned! His calmness had forsaken him, and he murmured imploringly—

"If I must leave you to die alone, Annie, let me fold you once more to my heart before I go—it will give me strength."

He knelt on one knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and, sobbing like a child, she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful unto death, while the flood of sorrow swept over their hushed spirits, as the fountains of the soul's great deep were broken up. Yes, silent, but not tearless, knelt William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart. At last he raised his eyes heavenward, and those lips moved in whispered prayer—he unwound his arms and would have risen, but Annie moved not—*she was clinging to his breast!* A smile of joy irradiated his mournful face, and his arms once again enfolded her. She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest burst of grief,—

"Are you not stronger, dear William?"

"Ah, I fear not my love."

"This is strange, for when I felt the strength ebbing from my own heart, I thought it had flowed into yours."

"Thank God for the weakness which is lovelier than strength!—I must never leave you Annie."

"Never!"

The morning of the wedding day had come, and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress, a beautiful muslin, guileless of ribbons or lace. I wished to entwine in her hair a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's, but she gently put it from me.

"What! no ornaments?" I enquired.

"None," she replied,—*"but yes,—if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him,—bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair."*

I have seen brides in healthful bloom, glittering in satins, rich veils and costly wreaths, but never have beheld one so exquisitely, so wondrously beautiful, as that dying girl, with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek!

When the ceremony was to be performed, she wished to rise, and as she was too weak to stand alone, I stood by her side and supported her. She smiled sadly, as she whispered,

"You remember, Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid."

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church) proceeded, the face of the bride became expressive alternately of earthly and heavenly love, of softness and of sublimity, of the woman and of the angel, till grew absolutely *adorable!*

At the last, she received the tearful congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips.

It was morning, a morning born of bloom and beauty, so soft, so glowing, it seemed

"Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,  
And melting in a covenant of love."

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

And she, a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife of two short weeks, was leaving us now. Every sunbeam which looked into her eyes, saw their violet hue grow paler, and every soft air which kissed her faded

lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion.

Her doting father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side; I stood holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet sat her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood.

Annie had lain for some moments apparently insensible, but she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile, and murmured.

"Pray, once again, my beloved, it will plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight; but place your hand upon my heart, that you may know when I am gone!"

And William Gordon lifted his voice in a prayer, all saint-like submission and child-like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister and the friend, to her Savior and her God; and meekly implored, for the stricken mourners, the ministrations of the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused—*her heart had ceased its beating!* His brow became convulsed and his voice became tremulous, as he added, "She has left us, oh, our Father, she is with Thee now!"

"Gone! our Annie dead!" exclaimed poor, little Arthur Moore, and springing forward, and casting one look on that still face, he stretched his arms upward and cried,—*"Oh, sister, sister, come back to us, come back!"*

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's side, in a lovely rural grave-yard, and a few months after I took her favorite rose tree from the garden, and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be, a last adieu. He was going out as a missionary to India. On the last evening of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the grass was glittering with dew, and the stars were thick in heaven. Many times turned poor William to depart but as often returned again. We both had remarked a single rose-bud, very like the one Annie wore on her marriage day, and at that second bridal when she was wedded to the dust; and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this and placed it on his bosom with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, that darkened land, where he is toiling for Christ's sake, that flower is still a cherished memento of his sadly beautiful past, and a touching reminder of a shore to which he hithereth,—an unfading clime, where ever liveth the *rose of love*, in the bloom of immortality—in the sunlight of God's smile.

I, too, am far from her grave, but I know, almost to a day, when the rose tree is in bloom. Every morning I say, "another bud is unfolding over her rest, how it loads the air with perfume as it sways to and fro in the passing breeze; and at eventide how the starlight trembles around it, and how sweetly sleeps the cool dewdrop in its glowing heart!"

### Forgiveness.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused its kindness answered with foul wrong; so turning gloomily from my fellow men, one summer Sabbath day, I strolled among the green mounds of the village burying place, where I was reminded how all human love and hate find one sad level;—and how sooner or later wronged and wrong doer, each with meekened face, and cold hands folded over a still heart, pass the green threshold of a common grave, whither all footsteps tend—whence none depart. Awed for myself, and pitying my race, our common sorrow, like a mighty wave, swept my pride away, and trembling, forgave!—*Whittier.*

## THE AMARANTH.

"The only Amaranthine flower on Earth is—*Virtue*;  
The only lasting treasure—*Truth*!"

Original.

Letters to my Ideal Correspondent:  
NO. 5.

How shall I be able to express myself—how tell it to you, that STELLA is dead!

My bright, my beautiful pet!—the darling of our circle, is "lying like a lily, downbeaten by the gale," in her snowy shroud. Oh! that you could but see her now, so fair, so beautiful, even in death. In her own chamber, where her living presence seems still to linger, she lies pale, fair, and cold, upon her couch of stainless white, her young brow crowned with a wreath of pale buds, her delicate fingers entwined upon her marble bosom, and one hand yet wearing the signet of affection, the little circlet of plain gold which was the testimonial of the united faith of two pure hearts.

CLAUDE seems a spectre, so deadly white, so still and mournful. His grief is shut out from the mortal eye, yet we may not be mistaken, his great heart is breaking. Last night I stole to the room of the dreamless sleeper, and beside her couch knelt the desolate lover, his face concealed, and his form motionless as though his life had gone out with hers.—The cold moonlight streamed in at the window which was left uncurtained, and never looked the moon upon a scene more sorrowful. The pantomime of earth's greatest grief was before me; and though I longed for the privilege to be alone once more with the dear form of our sunniest spirit, I retired before he was aroused, for though I had loved her so well, what was my grief to his.

Death came suddenly into our band, and bore away a rare gem. We can only mourn. Six days ago, our STELLA was the gayest of the gay. We went out upon an equestrian excursion just at sunset, and did not return until late, so as to have the benefit of the moonlight upon some of the most beautiful views of hill and river scenery in our vicinity. All were in high spirits, and particularly STELLA; and lovely she seemed with the jaunty little riding cap set over her fair brow, and her golden curls mingling with her drooping plumes. I remarked an unusually heightened color upon her cheek that evening, but attributed it to the excitement of the occasion, and the effort of the air, which was rather fresh. But the next morning found her in the most alarming fever, from which not all our anxiety, our care or tenderness could save her.

CLAUDE, who seemed to be oppressed with forebodings, exerted every energy of his mind upon alleviating her distress, and removing her disease. But Death had claimed her and resistance was vain.—When her delirium was passed, a little time was given her to smile lovingly upon us, and her spirit fled from us with wings re-plumed for heaven.

During her conscious moments she was extremely cheerful for one in so debilitated a state; but when CLAUDE approached, with his dark eyes fixed intently upon her face as if he would read his fate, she understood the expression, and the sweet girl raised both her arms toward him while her clear eyes grew dewy with emotion, whispered, smiling faintly—

"Only one moment of life, and love, for me CLAUDE."

He took her in his arms, and supported her head upon his heaving breast, while big, bitter tears—tears which may not shame manhood—coursed rapidly down his cheeks. STELLA felt them upon her forehead, and closing her moist eyes, and clasping her

small fingers, she seemed for a moment petitioning heaven to which she was about to be received. Then speaking, and smiling on all, she motioned me to her side, and said softly,

"Comfort CLAUDE for my sake, my best sister."

And once again her eyes closed before they looked their last! Then gently unclosing them, a look of indescribable sweetness passed over her face, her fingers tightened their clasp upon mine, then relaxed; and still smiling, her lips and eyes were sealed forever.

Can you think, ETHEREA, of the soft pale gold of the west after an autumnal sunset, and fancy you see it open, and a face of dazzling brightness look through for an instant then fade away? So seemed that last beaming smile from the departing spirit of our STELLA;—as angel-like, as softly vanishing, yet leaving its blest repose upon her features. Without a word, CLAUDE consigned the beautiful, spiritless form to our care, and went forth alone to hold communion with his own heart.

Alas! my pen falters, and I desire to weep, but so many thoughts crowd upon my brain that my tears are checked. This is the first shadow of real grief which has crossed our path since we met together as a society; and truly it is heavy, and has found us unprepared. All are mourners. I observe ERNESTIE affected strangely by this calamity. He whom I would have thought least sympathizing in such a sorrow as this, unless peculiarly his own, is I think more deeply than any other but CLAUDE himself. I cannot divine the reason why his actions so often contradict themselves and his usual bearing.

To-morrow STELLA will sleep in the "City of the Silent," beneath a clump of trees, and beside a low-voiced river. My God! my God! may the bitterness that arises in my heart be forgiven by thee! But long was my heart desolate, its altars broken, its shrine without an image; and then I collected around me the good, and the pure, and beautiful, and gifted, with them to perfect human love, and thereby to adore thee. And lo! thou hast called my fairest flower away. May I not love anything earthly!—are all my idols vain in thy sight? Forgive me that my heart rebels,—that I have not loved thee wholly. But thou

"Whose hand or soon or late, doth find its hour  
To bow the crested heron—just made these things  
Most powerful in a world where all must learn  
That one deep language, by the storm called forth  
From the bruised reeds of earth?"

And you, ETHEREA, do not think me impious;—but could I lie beside my beautiful one in the grave, how much more blessed should I deem myself than to linger here. What though some of you would miss me from among your circle of loved faces, still all, all but me have some one dear object remaining to you; and I, alas! mine is gone. But no! I will master my rebellious spirit. I will deem it good to live while any one may receive at my hands a blessing. I will devote myself to MADELINE, whose pining cheek warns me that I must lose her too. But I will love her more than ever, and I will be as the sunlight to her fast declining day; and I will endeavor, yes I will seek to become like her—as spiritual and as subdued.

I hear CLAUDE's footsteps in an adjoining apartment as he paces with uneven step the floor of the silent room. I can well guess the tenor of his thoughts now. To-morrow will take from him the last remains of what was once so full of life and loveliness,—the being he loved will not exist for him even in form, and there will have fallen upon his manhood's soul the great blight of loneliness. For a time at least he will be as a rudderless vessel, drifting hither and thither without aim or purpose. It may not last: it is well for him if it does not. But when we have accustomed ourselves to think of an object which determines all our actions,—to be guided by one certain star,—when that object is lost, when that star disap-

pears, the feeling of aimlessness forces itself upon us wearily and painfully. When we love, every imagination, every thought, clusters around and attaches itself to the beloved object as the centre of all hope and all happiness. God knows how the sudden deprivation of that magnet of our souls scatters our hopes, destroys our imaginings, and saddens our life. May CLAUDE prove strong enough to perfect the purpose of life, though that upon which he "cast his heart in wild idolatry" has forsaken him.

The sun is setting upon the spot where ere another going down our departed one shall have been laid to rest. It shall be a sacred and a beautiful place. Willows shall bend their pensive and graceful branches above it; flowers shall grow there, the loveliest that are; the river will sing there its everlasting music; and bright-winged birds pause to carol there; and there too will often fall the footsteps of friends who have loved her and can never forget.

I hope to write you a less sorrowful letter when I again address you, ETHEREA.

We are apt to be selfish in sorrow, and to regard only ourselves; but forgive; I promise to strive with my selfishness to overcome it.

AURETTA.

### Indolence.

A LAZY person is, of all others, the most incapable of pleasure, a wretch who, slumbering in a perpetual lethargy, cannot be stimulated to action or roused from his insensibility. He is his own burthen and would fain fly from himself, but is not able; that eternal inappetency which he drags about with him, assumes a thousand different forms for his own punishment and that of others.

Supineness and effeminacy have ruined more constitutions than excessive labor; and moderate exercise, far from being destructive to health, establishes and strengthens it.

The activity of our minds, the structure of our bodies, the vigor and nobility of our organs, and above all, our continual returning necessities, demonstrate that the hand that formed us, formed us for a busy and active life; and the end for which the Creator designed us is, undoubtedly, the best to which we can attain.

That the necessity of labor ought to be regarded as a punishment, is a mean and sordid opinion, invented by the effeminate and lazy. On the contrary, if God had prohibited labor, such a prohibition might justly have been deemed a token of his displeasure, for inaction is a kind of lethargy equally pernicious to the mind and body.

### The Press.

WE hope to see the day when the Press shall be regarded as an avenue to disinction, as eligible as the learned professions. It affords opportunity which other professions do not for the exercise of the highest talent and largest attainments in a direction to sway the minds of the people, to enlighten their ignorance, and uphold and elevate public morals. It will not reach its full capacity for doing good till it assures those who embrace it as a profession the fair fruits of a life of honest industry, as well as the honors due to the useful employment of fine mental powers.

### Help one Another.

THE race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the infant's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, who need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals; and no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.



## LADIES' COLUMN.

## Old Maids.

BLESSINGS on them! We love to converse with a lady who has been denounced as an old maid by the ignorant and the thoughtless. She is kind, substantial, intelligent and correct. We know of but few maiden ladies who have not superior intellects; beautiful to gaze upon they may not be; but they have a mental beauty that cannot fade, that will show with more freshness, as time dims the rosy flush of youth.

Who are our best female authors? Old maids.—Few men appreciate them; few study their characters, and consequently, the most talented of the female sex remain in a single state. They have more respect for themselves than to flatter or receive flattery. They will not put themselves forward to catch a beau, or do any mean thing; but they silence the ill-bred and the foppish, who denounce them as old maidish, when, for sparkling wit, for mental accomplishments and real worth, they far, far outstrip the butterfly belles, that hang so languidly on the arms of simple fops.

We repeat—blessings on the heads of old maids. If there are women we should respect and love, they are these. You will find them beside the couch of pain and in the haunts of distress. They are moved by pity, and never withhold their sympathies and their aids. But for them, how many a heart would be cheerless—how many an aching head remain unsoothed. They go forth, like God's ministering angels, wherever the footprints of poverty can be found, or consumption's fatal arrow has been sent, and light with joy the heavy heart, and carry peace and consolation to the abode of sorrow.

Never speak a word of disrespect against an old maid. She is an honor to her sex. We could not spare her from our sin-polluted and afflicted world. Think of her virtues in your heart, and ever have a cheerful word and a pleasant smile for her.

## The Wife.

THE work of creation was no sooner completed, the Bible informs us, than that it was proclaimed not good for man to be alone, and woman was formed to be a "help-meet for him;" and if, when all was beauty and perfection, man needed a companion, how indispensable is it that he have one now, when the world is suffering from the cause, and when disease and death meet us at every step.

The duties of a wife are many and arduous, and they ought always to be performed in kindness and love; it is by these traits of loveliness that woman conquers; that she throws around her husband a chain of roses, by which even vice is often drawn to the paths of virtue, and sadness and sorrow yield to smiles and contentment; and when every hope has fled, her cheerfulness brightens the loneliest hours, and comforts amidst the severest trials.

The wife may not shine in the halls of legislation,—her presence may not be seen amid the confusion of battle,—nor her voice heard from the sacred desk,—yet, it is by her influence, her instructions her advice, that men are prepared for every station in life.

One object in marriage should be the perfection of friendship, and in no other connection can a woman act so well the part of a friend; for she possesses (or ought to) her husband's confidence;—she has better opportunities of detecting his faults, and can better choose her time for advising him; besides she is more deeply concerned, and her motives ought to be purer than those of any other;—in a word, the nearer, dearer, and more intimate one is to us, the better opportunity is afforded for the exercise of friendship.

Original.

## The Variety of Nature.

THE curious and observing eye cannot but be struck with the variety of nature. In contemplating its works, we behold trees, shrubs and flowers in all their grandeur and beauty, filling their stations in this glorious world, displaying their rich foliage, fruits and fragrant blossoms to please the senses of the humble inhabitants of this earth. Then we cast our eyes abroad over the land, and behold mountains, with their towering tops covered with eternal snow; and valleys, clothed in verdant green, ornamented with flowers of every kind, emitting the most fragrant odors; hills and gently undulating surfaces; vast prairies and impenetrable forests, extending far beyond the reach of human vision; also the barren desert, with here and there a fertile spot to refresh the weary and almost famished traveller, as he traverses its scorching sands. Again casting our eye farther off, we behold that vast expanse of water, the ocean, together with innumerable smaller bodies, down to the tiny rivulet, upon whose grassy banks the blithesome school-boy spends his happiest hours in the pleasant amusement of angling. Or if we dig deep into the bowels of the earth, exhaustless veins of glittering ore meet our astonished eyes, or jewels that would grace an emperor's diadem, are disclosed to our view.

Of these—all nature's productions—what an infinite variety! We can hardly believe that in her wide domain, there are no two things alike; no two blades of grass exactly resemble each other; and of all the myriads of forest leaves, no two can be compared together; and the same may be said of the flowers, and all the various productions of the animal kingdom. The trees, with their lofty heads reared heavenwards, are of different sizes, and have suitable names assigned them. Examine the mineral kingdom also, and tell us of the exact resemblance of any two specimens.

Of the several kingdoms—animal, vegetable and mineral,—there is almost an infinity of species. Innumerable as are the productions of the earth, the simple substances of which they are composed are few; the whole vegetable kingdom being composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen.

From the same soil, nourished with the same moisture, heat and light, grows the nutritious vegetable for the support of man and beast, and also the poisonous herb for the destruction of both, though in a different proportion.

Who can contemplate the variety of nature's proud and lofty works, without being convinced of the all-wise and infinite goodness of the author of nature. How could such vast numbers be created without the knowledge of some one that is wiser than all the kings of the earth together. How wonderful, that amidst all the variety, we perceive the strictest order pervading the whole; and when we consider that all things were made for the comfort of man, should we not be thankful, and yet how little of thankfulness do we see!

Millions there are in the world, who are entirely ignorant of the fact that it was created by the hand of an Almighty being. And many of those that are acquainted with the fact, live as though they were to sojourn here forever, without considering that they were made for any other purpose than to enjoy themselves, while they are living on the bounty of a being whose mercy endureth always.

Ungrateful wretches are we! Oh, that we could realize such as the fact; but we are such short-sighted creatures, that it is impossible. Let us then commence anew, and render thanks daily to He who created all things, and thus prepare ourselves for eternal life beyond the skies.

Ruggles, O.

VILETTA.

PERSONAL beauty will soon fade, but the beauty of the mind endureth forever.

## No land like America.

MR. WINTHROP, of Boston, who has recently returned from Europe, addressing a meeting in Faneuil Hall, said:

"He had visited other and distant lands. He had stood in the halls of world-wide renown; he had stood in the hall where Chatham fell dead, while vindicating, in words of burning eloquence, the cause of the American colonies, and of American freedom.—He had been at Runnymede, where the bold barons wrung from King John the Magna Charta—the constitution of England. He had stood on the field of Bannockburn, where the followers of Bruce won the liberty of Scotland; and on the 4th of July last, amid the wild hills and mountains of Switzerland—the land of Tell—he had, in company with a companion and countryman, toasted once again his native land. But, amid all his wanderings, he had seen no land like his own land—no hall like Faneuil Hall—no hill like Bunker Hill—no plains like those of Lexington—and no rock like that of Plymouth."

## Humanity.

TRUE humanity consists not in a squeamish eas; it consists not in startling or shrinking at tales of misery, but a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active measures to execute the measures which it suggests.

## Peace.

It is the religion of Jesus alone that can give peace to man; it unites him with his Savior; it subdues his passions; it controls his desires; it consoles him with the love of Christ; it gives him joy even in sorrow; and this is a joy that cannot be taken away.

As they are to be blamed that are over prodigal, so are they to be despised that are covetous. Riches are treasures lent to man by God, which are to be used as He pleases, and are not to be laid out without His leave, nor to be detained when He demandeth them.

THE vain glory of the world is a deceitful sweetness, an unfruitful labor, a perpetual fear, a dangerous bravery, begun without Providence, and finished without repentance.

MISS BREMER says that "to make people virtuous, we should do more and preach less—make men happy and they will do good of themselves."

MODESTY is both the presage and ornament of rising merit.

PROCURE not friends in haste, nor hastily part with them when procured.

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